# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

### The Mariner.

BY THEODORE F. PORTER.

Oh! here are not the sweet flowers in the shell
The tone that angels hear to use,
Above the calmly sleeping dead,
While hope dies with the hours of time!

Are here, where is no earthly rest,
The shoulders take hold for help,
While wanging with the hapsest,
He must strive year to earth unknown.

Are here, where mankind's dwelling trees
Bright beams of heavenly light par ex.
Why sigh where the very sun too sets
Who may not from those spheres be won?

Not here, where spr birds come to seek
That remain place on earth endowed,
Where beauty's faded eye, and cheek
Through chapters of sorrow are bowed.

Oh, weep there not though deeply bowed,
The grave the dominion of the grave,
Above them is for spheres unbound
Unfading bodies softly wave!

Go where the cottage of mankind
Seeks softly on the midnight air,
And bid the tears flow, swift and free
Of the fountain's pure
Oft upon's wild crying moments there
Go where their wandering footsteps stray
Nor leave them there!
Recall them from their erring way,
And point them heavenly to the skies.

Then, come there, here thou mayest not shed
The tears that angels love to see.
Above the cottage, there the dead
What have they with the tears or thee?

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

### The Expiring Year.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

The gray Old Year retires
From the dark realms of time,
And fixed the wake, a moment from its throne
Its the grave of his sires?

Yet but hears in his hand
A scroll of sweet memorials, traced with a tear.
Thoughts which came back to the heart, like a seer,
From the dark silent land.

Wrath's sky overcast
With the wrath which never return
Thunderous scolds, prophecy, and siren,
All that love to the past.

Still, solemn and sweet, the year
Which Hope has refused with prominent light
We will not, then, with the night
Of the grave, and with tears!

## Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

### Shamhoraí and Adah.

A LEGEND OF ERIN'S OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTMAS EVENING."

Awake, the soldiers without the gate
Of Paradise, are Shamhoraí, a chief among the spotted legion, appointed to guard the tree of life. At he contemplated the lofty stature and graceful bearing of the Adah's brave world, and the glory of them, thoughts of high and daring import arose in his mind: he beheld the little, and the rage of human effort, and the mighty struggle which were exerted to attain the conquest of that littleness, and contemning such intellectual degradation, he secretly pressed Nature for refinement, and for a creature of his own. His utmost thoughts were known to the Omnipotent, accurately had they examined the heart of Eden, entrusted with a commission from Jehovah, stood beside him, Shamhoraí, and the archangel, "why bother him with contempt on the lower world?" Why is that glance of wonderful pride but upon the children of Adam?

"Because," replied the watcher, "though they have heard of the glorious Eden, from which they have been banished by the crimes of their progenitor, instead of endeavoring to regain the mansions of bliss, they employ their engagements, toil, fleeting, and unsubstantial. Oh," were I proffered such blissful hopes, and subjected to such trials, how different would be our conduct! how much more exalted would be our temporal delights—how much more the pursuit of a glorious immortality!"

Have thou this wish, replied the archangel—for a season shall thy spirit be tranquilled by a tabernacle of clay. If thou encounterest all temptation, great shall be thy reward, if thou yieldest, the punishment must be severe."

With joy Shamhoraí encountered the offer: a form of more than mortal loveliness soon enchanted his spirit, and he descended to earth full of confidence and hope.

The vale of Paneel, or of joy, his admiring infatuated hearts, because they deemed it worthy of a deity's regard. Here, where the lowliest sigh that rose to the skies was soothed to rest. The moon was rising upon its brethren, and clothing them in that mystic light of subdued brilliance, which confers the whole landscape with a still and solemn picture—countless fragrant flowers and shrubs loaded the air with their incense—the winged warblers poured forth their hymns of melody—Shamhoraí could not but contemplate his names of light and shade, when the flowers bend their heads beneath the moonlight dew, and the birds would refuge in their leafy bowers. He too felt it necessary to seek a place of temporary shelter—in the distant plains he beheld a tent, a city which the descendants of Cain had built, but the cottages in the happy valley belonged to the family of Seth'ahn, and towards these the angel directed his steps.

The first cottage that he approached belonged to a pious widow, named Shamhoraí, who resided with her son with her only daughter Adah, whom the wicked Cainite had swept with its darkness but for some dwelling, and since her husband at his own threshold. She received the stranger with generous hospitality, and joined him in his sacramental homage to the Supreme, which he offered at the stated time which he had been accustomed to in Paradise. Pleased in his devotions, which proved that he believed in the one God of all, the widow offered him a share of her habitation, while the returning Adah looked her walkers. Shamhoraí gladly accepted, and themselves were as brothers.

The growth of love in the bosom of the pure and pious is like that of a flower, planted in a lone vale where a springs up we know not how, and attains perception by a progress so imperceptible, that its appearance in full bloom is the first consciousness of its existence. Thus it was with Adah and the angel; they scarce knew that they loved, until the testing had become with them an established habit of the heart, and their mutual enjoyments were not merely to the happiness, but to the existence of each other. Such was the love of Shamhoraí and Adah—the marriage was celebrated with the simple rites of a society as yet unexplored-sted. Months rolled on, and found their happiness undiminished—they were united rather to bring new joys, as each discovered in the other some new perfection.

The season of the vintage arrived—the period when the Cainites came to enjoy the pleasures of Paneel, to fill the vale with barbaric festivity, and tempt the pious young to the practice of forbidden pleasures. Among the visitants was Mohaor the loudest of the daughters of Cain, said to be descended on the mother's side from one of those unhallowed spirits, with whom the father of mankind dwelt after the fall. A proud intellectual beauty, eyes flashing defiance, he excited with laughter wont, and a tongue speaking mighty things, gave proof of her descent origin. Shamhoraí at first looked with disgust on a being that contrasted so powerfully with his own modest Adah; but his curiosity was piqued to investigate more nearly a character that in so many respects not a little resembled his own. From the moment that she first saw him, Mohaor had resolved to master the affections of one so superior to all her other lovers; she met the angel with undisguised rapture—she encountered with a freedom and boldness that even to him seemed the consummation of intellectual daring—she spoke of fate, free will, and the contest between energy and necessity, as though her soul had penetrated the secret mysteries that transcend even angelic law. Surprise changed into admiration, and that again into a warmer passion—not such bold and pure love as he felt for Adah, but that burning, desolating flame that scarce every noble feeling, and leaves the heart a prey to the sought but its own wild fires. Adah mourned in secret over a change, of which she was conscious, not yet it was suspected by Shamhoraí; but she spoke not a word of reproach, and confined her sorrow to her own bosom. Her melancholy look, the tears she sometimes shed, and the dullness of neglected gold, were in the excited state of his feelings, as fuel to the unlawful passions of the angel; he had four Adah to the intercession of his God, and with her forgot all the temporal joys that had hitherto been the bound of his desires.

It was night; the last grape gleaned from the grapes circled round among the companies of laborers that had completed their tasks; one by one the Shemites retired from the ruddy blaze of the fire, which Shamhoraí with the sons of Cain drank deeper of the fatal cup. Let darkness cover the lands of guilt that succeeded to the fugacity! Else upon's wild crying moments there

Go where their wandering footsteps stray
Nor leave them there!

In the morning Naamah went forth to tend her flock, and passing by a shady bower, beheld Shamhoraí stretched on the bosom of his paramour. Her shriek at the sight wake the guilty pair. Enraged at the detection, Shamhoraí spurned the aged woman: she fell against a sharp stone, and her life flowed forth with the babbling blood.

Mohaor accompanied Shamhoraí to the cottage, and Adah was ordered by her cruel husband to wait on her imperious rival. It was the hour of morning prayer, and bending to the last, she poured forth to the author of mercy those sublime effusions of devotion, which the angel had taught her on Sinai's mount. To the lost spirit words of holiness sounded to a reproach; howling forth no oath of horrid blasphemy, he sprung on the hapless Adah, and had seized her throat with deadly gripe, when at once "the heavens thundered, and the Highest gave his voice battlements and roads of fire," a flood of dark flame, and hot fell round about him, and the voice of Gabriel exclaimed, "it is consummated—the measure of guilt is complete!"

The flood continued many days, the cottage and its inhabitants had disappeared; but our father Enoch, to whom the tree was given, not, since with the angel declares that Adah joined her mother Naamah in the world of bliss: that the demon Mohaor still wanders upon earth, and is worshipped by the children of the goddess of impure pleasure; and that thus she labors to make others share in her horrors. But the mercies of Jehovah are infinite, and will all for ever, chastened to a way in front of Paradise, that out from the presence of the holy cheers, where his Adah enjoys the bliss felicity, condemned to contemplate the earth while it endures, and to confess that self-confidence and dedication of temptations are the certain sources of guilt and shame.

From Colburn's Magazine for January

### The Goblet of Life.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I died a Life's goblet to the brim,
And thought there was nothing more one dim
I saw on sparkling bubbles swim,
And chance this motto-bids home.

With the bloom on my cheek, and the hope in my eye,
No purple flowers—no garlands green
Concealed the goblet from my view,
Nor mantling draughts of Happiness
Like glances of sunshine flash between
The leaves of roseleaf.

This goblet, wrought with cunning art,
Is filled with water—pure and cold!
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong emotions are unsealed!

Are nursing all to waste,
And, as it sparkling passed, I said,
With friend as a watchful and censored,
Whose soul and foliage are indestroyed
Are on its source, simple and diamond
And yet a better taste.

Around the luxuriant plant of beauty,
The friend, with its yellow flowers,
Are earlier gone than ours,
Who gather with the wondrous powers.

I cast vases to ruin,
It grows in strength and freshness most
And chalcedony tower and rude
Mingled in its stem fond,
And he who knitted and watched
A wreath of death for me!

Then a Life's goldet freely press
The leaves that give it sweetness,
And from the rose's burning breast
For in the darkness and distress

New light and joy may come!
For he who has not learned to know
How false are the hopes of woe
How bitter are the drops of wine
Which, with the lees, have come overflow—
He has not learned to live!

The power of Age was for light!
Through all the dark and cheerless light,
The blackness of that noon-day night
He raised his head to heaven!

To know his former's face
Let me unerringly earnest prayer
Be—for the world—for worthless—
But pattern of the weight of care,
The crushing and dead—deep!
One half the human race!

To suffering and bereaved
Of no affection's store,
Is wrapped in the lips in misery,
Loosing, and our absence is no more.

We have been nearly tried!
Like a single one of many a grief
Which floats the friend's heart tried!
The better of the life is fled,
The storm—the struggle—the relief,
Then weep we safe by safe

From Graham's Magazine, for January

### The Shepherd's Love.

BY J. H. BATE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a golden morning in early summer, and a thousand birds were carolling on the hillside; the balmy wind murmured low and sonorous among the leaves, where a young girl, attired in a rustic dress, might be seen with her arms tripping over the lea,

which Burke had laid on the table. Since that time twenty-seven years had elapsed; public feeling had undergone a complete change, and the principles which Burke's genius his lustre, and unbounded eloquence had rendered illustrious, were now treated with but little veneration. The compassionate tear of a man who had been among the most distinguished of a nation's benefactors was cast away, who have belonged to history, and who seemed to have risen from the dead, could not but produce a solemn and pathetic effect. The Commons, inspired with the recollections, ordered a tribute to be set to him, and, when he retired, rose and uncovered. There were, indeed, few who did not feel sympathize with the general feeling. One or two of the managers of the impeachment were present. They rose in the same manner with the rest, but occupied when they had been thanked for the services which they had rendered in Westminster Hall: for, by the manner of the house, a member who has been thanked in his place, is considered as having a right always to occupy that place. Those gentlemen were not disposed to admit that they had employed several of the best years of their lives in prosecuting an innocent man. They accordingly kept their seats, and pulled their hats over their brows; but the exceptions only made the prevailing uncleanness more remarkable. The Lords resented the old man with similar tokens of respect. The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and, in the Sheldonian theatre, the undergraduate welcomed him with tumultuous cheering.

These marks of public esteem were soon followed by marks of the favor of the crown. Hastings was sworn of the Privy Council and was admitted to a private audience of the Prince Regent, who treated him very graciously. When the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia visited England, Hastings appeared in their train at Oxford and in the Guildhall of London; and, though surrounded by a crowd of princes and great warriors, was everywhere received by the public with marks of respect and admiration. He was presented by the Prince Regent both to Alexander and to Frederick William; and his Royal Highness went so far as to declare in public, that honors far higher than a seat in the Privy Council were due and should soon be paid to the man who had saved the British dominions in India. But these more confidently expected a peerage; but, from some unexplained cause, he was again disappointed.

He lived almost four years longer, in the enjoyment of good spirits, or faculties not impaired to any painful or degrading extent, and of health such as is rarely enjoyed by those who attain such an age. At length, on the 22d of August, 1818, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he met death with the same tranquillity and fortitude which he had opposed to all the trials of his various and eventful life.

With all his faults—and they were neither few nor small—only one contrary was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and mutual forbearance where the members of former generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has for ages afforded a quiet resting-place to the ashes of the gentle and the simple, of the statesman and the warrior, of the author of the numbers present truth. Not only had the poor orphan retrieved the hereditary domains of his race. Not only had he re-purchased the old lands, and built the Old House at Daylesford, he had preserved and extended an empire. He had founded a polity. He had administered government and war with more than the capacity of Clarendon, and had encouraged learning with the judicious liberality of Cosmo. He had been attacked by the most formidable combination of great talents that ever swayed the destruction of a single minister; and over that combination, after a struggle of ten years, he had triumphed. He had died full of years and honor; to the grave in the fullness of age—in peace, after so many troubles; in honor, after so much obloquy.


# SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1842.


### Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made up. Such encouragement on our part to do justice to them in turn.

*A word to those still in arrears.* We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement; as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start unencumbered by last year's account. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a fair start together and see who shall first run to the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

☞ Mr. S. W. Fullerton, Jr. will act as agent at Newburgh, Orange county, New York, for the S. L. Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ J. Warren, P. M. at Washington, Miss. is agent for the Post and Magazine.

### The New Year.

A Happy New Year! Three—while two have been satisfying the paper we have sprung on you the compliments of the season.

The Holidays are over. The sacrosanct of Christmas, the preaching of the morning week, the long watch of the last night of the year, have all passed since we last addressed our readers. The old year is gone. Its acts for good or ill are over. It is dead and buried—why should we sing Passion over a dead bone! Like the toll of a knell, has the flight of the year's bird, like the glory of a conqueror, it has passed away, and like them it will soon be forgotten.

We like the Holidays and we don't like them. We like the fun and the hunting, the happening and the comfort, the kindness and rejoicing of Christmas week. But like the custom of giving presents, and of eating dinners at the homestead. We like the junketting, the bon-bons, the roasting, and a thousand other things beside. We like to see the children cramming over Kriss Kringle's presents, to look on the masters hunking at the gift bag for the bonbons—in fact, we like the low mummeries and the animal thanks of those we love. We like to see the streets crowded with maniacs mad to set at the evening friends and their mothers to tuck in the cold turkey and pumpkin pie pot before we get into bed. We like to go to the concerts and be jostled in the pretty girls. We like to be escalloped to the knee of a young and innocent child reaping a Christmas carol. We like—but we like a thousand things in the Holidays, which, sometimes we have stopped to wish with the youngsters that Christmas came every day in the year.

But we don't like the holidays. We don't like the crowds, nor the bustle, nor the visits and compliments from people whom we don't care, and whom we hate. We don't like the having to give and receive presents, from old encumbrances, whose very name is an abomination to one, but whom one dares not offend on account—the month's-end family connections. We don't like the having to invite gifts on every day, young strangers, whose one's neighbors choose to call after one. We don't like being a bachelor, with nine score of nieces and nephews to whom he gives gifts. We don't like to be asked to a dozen good dinners, and be able to go onto to one. We don't like to be held to business, like a knife to a grindstone, when every body is jollifying around us. We don't like the cataract of bills that comes pouring in from tradesmen and shopkeepers, and inventory-takers, stationers, brokers'offices, and what not, all clamoring for pay as if they thought one man's worth a cent, and had packed his baggage to be ready to start for Texas the next night. We don't like this, and—by the bones of our ancestors!—we can hardly tell one day from the holidays we do like. But the holidays are over and a new year is before us.

It is said that the celebrated traveller launched out from the Cape de Verd Islands into the material regions that lay to the westward of that their boundary of the world, he would set it down in his card on the bit-casing of his vessel, gained forth into the darkness ahead as if he would pierce to the end. But the effort was in vain. That shadowy world receded before it he got. Their empire and their clouds do we strive to enter fairyly. Which of us has not felt the pleasure that the opening year gave one to him before we closed? Death, not to limit in our ranks! How many bright eyes may we see, how many friendship hearts to rule over us! How many new friendships may be wondered into their embrace before New Year only down upon the world.

There is a certain luxe for the gentlemen to toll on their fonnie hands on New Year's day. The custom when temperately observed is commendable. It opens old antimacies which were growing dim, it links tighter together the closest friends. We—and we counsel you all but New Year's day as matters such calls. So we act on by our evening fire we call to mind the gentle places we have visited, and the cottages that death has made among them comes over our heart with a real sympathy. There was most interesting family of lovely daughters, whose sweet voices we can yet scarcely forbear with, who are lingered even longer than the rest, though happy home has an abounding core found everywhere, it seems to have charmed that home with its final grief. And for the charges of a year. That venerable dire is in her grave, that family of love is daughterless, and that dire whose comfort a shepherd. We called on a beautiful bride and she tastefully had on on parting not to leave her home. Her husband—though she should leave—down into the wife. Her silvery voice yet rings in our ears; but she herself is in the cold, cold tomb. Those we have met in the crowded street, in the fragrant vestry, the aliented tone for a call, and where our welcome was that of warm hearts and princely munificence. The future of that family has never swept him, and they are now silenced beggars. The far west holds them; but their memory is green in our hearts, and God knows if ever will be so. The friends too with whom some of those calls were made, where are they? One as beyond the mountains, one is on the sea, others we have not seen for months. New year calls have separated us, a new acquaintance has grown up between us. Death, accident and consequence and have in our social circle. And thus, day by day, and year by year, the links which bind us to the past are worn down, until old age finds us only a single friend of our youth.

We have gotten melancholy: but our exception is that of that family who were so happy—who ran all down to think of a new year without becoming sad instantly? And it will. We—for those words have not—we have not been

# SATURDAY POST.


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## ALMANAC

ON THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOR THE YEAR 1842.

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## Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 23, 1841.

SENATE.—The Honorable Messrs. of Mass. appeared in the Senate to-day.

Mr. BUCHANAN, of La., presented a memorial from the New Orleans Insurance Companies. The memorialists state that they sustained heavy losses by the late conflagration, and shipwreck—that the claims were captured, sent into Nassau, and the property sold by the authorities of that colony. The vessel was boarded by persons wearing the British uniform, and the goods were found in the hands of Providence.

The memorial having been stated, Mr. BARROW expressed his opinions very briefly upon the importance of the subject. He was doubtful of the power to relieve it; he longed, or to what constitute he should move its reference.

Mr. CALHOUN said that some years since he had presented a memorial of similar import, and had moved its reference, involving the case of the Enterprise. Those resolutions were subsequently adopted by the Senate. But the subject had been brought anew to the attention of the Senate, and that the Committee of Foreign Relations and would be/not upon it the attention due to its importance. It was important that we know where we stood upon this momentous subject.

The reading of the memorial was here called for by Mr. King, of Ala. who followed the subject up with some remarks upon the outrage of the vessel, the high outrage and the necessity of vindicating our rights. He knew that there was nothing there was not great danger of war. Great as that evil is, such outrages were continued. With the Senator from Ky. (Mr. CRITTENDEN) he hoped that the matter would be speedily considered and reported upon. Great Britain had given up, step by step, nearly all the ground she had claimed, and the right of search had been seized and liberated.

Mr. PRESTON, of S. C., the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, being absent, rose to explain that this committee he did not consider that any measure of the distant demand of a war. The acts of the British Government in reference to the seizure of slaves were in violation of the laws of nations. The sentiments of Great Britain, he believed, would reconcile the views of the Senate, and that the Committee of Foreign Relations would act upon the subject of those sentiments.

Mr. BENTON, of Mo. then addressed by Mr. BARROW and Mr. KING when the memorial was referred to the Committee of Foreign Relations—and ordered to be printed.

Mr. PRESTON moved the appointment of a Joint Committee, who should have charge of the removal of the remains of Washington to the new vault.

Mr. CALHOUN opposed the appointment of a Joint Committee, who should have charge of the removal of the remains of Washington to the new vault

# THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

### Song.

"And dost thou love me?"
"Love thee, Viola!"

If to juice each tone and token,
Each fond glance borne it by thee.
Ever word thy lip hath spoken,
With a cold alchemy—
If to gaze in rapture dreaming,
On that soft bright eye of thine,
Spell-bound by so magic meaning,
Is to love, then love is mine.

If, when morning's dawn is breaking
Gladly ever lake and lea,
Ev'ry pulse wakes on waking,
Cries to earliest thrush to thee—
If at midnight's peaceful hour,
Visions o'er thy spirit sweep,
Full my vow to thee I pour,
Doth not love my bosom keep?

If in pleasure's rosy bower,
If in passion's flow'ry shrine,
Ever one reign o'er thy power
Still I sigh "Ah! wert thou mine"
If when other lips beguiling
Coo me throw thine perfect spell,
In each smile I see thee smiling,
Doth not love my bosom swell?

If within the breast to cherish
One consuming ulter flame,
Where all meaner passions perish
Virtue's deepest chief retain—
If the heart, awake or sleeping,
Knows for thee, and thee alone,
Ever more that vigil keeping,
Is it not of love the throne?

### Poetry.

Poetry must be addressed not to the few, but to the many, to the learned and unlearned alike. The world generally cannot at once seize and appreciate those qualities, but deep ideas, and those hidden meanings and significances of the universe around, when they are presented directly, and in expressive words. To do this, considerable cultivation of mind is requisite. The poet, therefore, must introduce, but very rarely an abstract idea; he should rather present that object which represents that idea, and thus address the senses in a description whose words shall be so clear, that he who runs may read." This sentence object must be distinctly defined and described; like a figure in a picture, it must seem to stand out from the canvas, and be placed in full relief by the proper disposition of lights and shades. And the poet must so select or create this object, and so dispose its circumstances, for none things around it, as to suggest to a high dred mind the truth or idea which it symbolizes, while the uncultivated and ignorant may still enjoy and be interested by its mere beauty or other excellence as a sight of the senses.

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MESSRS. JOHNSON AND GUNGO.—"Sam," said Pete, as the two sable sages were taking an animated sectual stroll together last Sunday afternoon—"Sam, for look far get de recreation oh one ob dese white folks hard words."

"What's dat, Pete?"

"Exterpation." Oh, I got 'em vite de time, sho-ah. You see, Sam, time for de great racin' times is due, and consequent saddlers emporium. Now, look heah—you see de premises and wants to look at house, to get to go 'rectin' to de rules oh de course."

"Is course," said Sam.

"Well, den he's got to enter for de prize—dat's enterprise."

"Pete your reborn you're right," said Sam, "but you'll 'scuse pun, as we says in de French, de recondition shall be ender now."

A CARTHUSIAN.—As the late Mr. G. a farmer at Doddington, was stood at his gate, an Irish lad came up to him and requested to be employed.

*Mr. G.*—Go away, sir, I will never employ any of your country gaps.

*Paddeen.*—Why, your honor! sure we are good workers: God bless you, to give me a job.

*Mr. G.*—No, sir, I won't, for the last Irishman I employed died on me, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge.

*Paddeen.*—Ah! your honor, you need not fear that of me, for I can get a certificate that I never died in the employment of any master I ever served.

There was no resisting this. Poor Pat got employed.

### A Sonnet to Lizzy.

A sonnet to Lizz—We cannot tell what
Or where we shall meet our Lizzy next.
But wing so now Lizz there came on a evening
A sort of a—kind of a—tangelo feeling.
We never Feeler Jones her opinion, and he or
That every time there was plenty of Kisses
And Lizzie we ever the morning gets
The lightest in time, and the latest of Lizz.
The sweet is more and dimplet and rose
That ever the cheek of maidenhood grace
Wherever her fortune whereon she be,
Young Lizzy Lizz still will—remember me.
And we would give nothin, if we had them, to see
Her twice, as her brilliance, lightehearted Lizzy

FELT RATHER SMALL.—"I say, Colonel, do you see that beautiful girl, on the other side of the street?" said a bantling fop to a gentleman to whom he had just been introduced.

"I do, sir," answered the Colonel with a smile.

"Well," continued the fop, "I was very near running off with her once. She loved me to distraction, but her brute of a father—"

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted the Colonel, pointedly, "but that is the lady and that young lady is my daughter." (EXIT fop.)

BACON'S REPARTEE.—Bacon was apparently little disconcerted by his fall. Goodsmear, the Spanish ambassador, happening to encounter him immediately after that event, with royal bad taste and bad temper, asked him, ominously, a merry Easter—"And so, my virginal," replied Bacon, "I wish a merry Passover. The night not only completed, and a week that the bridegroom were well out of the kingdom, not offended to his supposed Jewish origin, the greatest insult which could have been offered to a Spaniard.

A RICH MAN'S GRIEF.—Two neighbors met, one of whom was exceedingly rich, and the other in very moderate circumstances. The latter began to congratulate the first on his great possessions, and on the happiness which he must enjoy; and ended by expressing a wish for a like condition. "My friend," said the rich man, "let me ask you one question. Would you be willing to take my property and have the whole care of it for your board and clothing?" "No, indeed," said he, "that is all I get."

MANNERS.—A due sense of propriety of conduct towards a member of the community is obligatory on every one. Strange and upper hardly aware of it. The manners of a man are the mirror which reflects the opinions and the feelings of his mind. Sincerity of manners always gains friends, and promotes superficial comfort. An affable address of courtesy to a stranger, a ready response remove a prejudice and a cackle which years cannot dissipate.

NEIGHBORS.—"Mrs Jenkins," said a little red-headed wife with a fiery red face to her neighbor, "they say you will scourge her by again" her a stick if she—" "Oh, my dear," said the younger—quite in a little softness in the pan—and pained at her poor rotary neighbor—"not of those."

INSURANCE.—"What's the for the extension of office?" asked Mr. Fitzgerald evening.

"Well, I'm blessed," said a crony of his, "if I knew any more sufferers. You just suffer so much by the hollow tooth as I have, and see if you won't be an advocate for this new universal."

PAY ARE OWN DEBTS.—"Pioneer, sir; father sent me for that bill of hours, but you owes him, cause he sent me to get it, didn't you?"

"Get out you little impertinent scoundrel—go and tell your father to pay his own debts, and not trouble honest folks about them."

A CURIOUS QUESTION.—Curious eyes.—In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity. "Then came the fall of man." When was the period of innocence?—The first man who was born in the world before the second." When did the time of sensibility begin?—

ARABIAN LANGUAGE.—Some idea may be formed of the richness of the Arabian language, from the fact that it contains several different words for sword, four hundred for lion, four hundred for serpent, and eighty for honey. What a language to make war or love in.

A LIE CONSIDERED.—Solemn or Festivals, pronouncing the old lady for her beauty, she answered that "beauty was more valuable to old age." To which Solomon replied, "Let me see," sensibly as an angel, and put the angels of all creatures are the most accurate."

A DARBY.—"Do you would take you to be what you are," said a social bridegroom gentleman a sup or two ago, to a new-married friend, "Why, I suppose so," was the immediate reply. "Because you are the immediate reply. "Because you are the immediate reply. "Because you are